

# NEW SONG OF A New WONDER In the N O R T H.

**F**rom the farthermost part of the North we have News  
Of a man of some Note tha<sup>ee</sup> receiv'd an Abuse:

For a Dog to be tos'd in a Blanket, 'tis known,  
But alas, what is that to the Maior of a Town?

For a great Magistrate  
To be us'd at that rate,  
All the World must allow  
It is very hard Fate.

Ah ! is it not strange ? amongst Wonders we rank it,  
That the Maior of a Town shou'd be tos'd in a Blanket.

Had a drunken *Tom Tinker* the Pennance receiv'd,  
Or a Vintner for stumming his Wine, who'd have griev'd ?  
Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread,  
Or a Taylor for snipping a Yard for a Shred ;

Had it been but a Tapster  
For Nicking and Frothing,  
Wee'd been contented  
To take it for nothing.

But as the case stands, who, alas ! do' n't resent it,  
And wish, now 'tis done, that it might be prevented ?

*Diogenes* was laid once to live in a Tub,  
But a Tenement of Blanket is such an odd Jobb  
For a man of his Rank, we must study the Fact,  
Unless 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen Act.

However, 'twas unkind  
In the midst of his State,  
So to trouble his thoughts  
With th' approaches of Fate.

For men when advanc'd to the height of their Glory,  
Have something to dream on besides Purgatory.

For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,  
To Secure him from danger, it often has happ'd ;  
But had this been such, in no Story we find  
A Maior to cut Capors like a Witch in the wind ;

Sure there's something exceeding  
Must cause this extrem ;  
Yet if we dare take it,  
As Old Wifes do Dream,

Unadvis'dly mistaking between waking and sleep  
He pounded the Parson instead of his Sheep :  
So in that cross humour they were forc'd for to shake him,  
To shew him his Errour as soon as they wak'd him.

But now, to conclude, ah ! Heaven be thank it,  
The Maior had no harm that was tos'd in a Blanket.